Pam. Newell 35

No. 169.

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. HARRIET NEWELL,

WIFE OF

THE REV. SAMUEL NEWELL,

MISSIONARY TO INDIA.

The subject of this Memoir was a daughter of Mr. Moses Atwood, a merchant of Haverhill, Mass., and was born October 10, 1793. Her childhood was marked with cheerfulness, sensibility, and a taste for reading.

She manifested no peculiar and lasting seriousness before the year 1806. In the summer of that year, while at the academy in Bradford, a place highly favored of the Lord, she first became the subject of those deep religious impressions which laid the foundation of her Christian life. With several of her companions in study, she was roused to attend to the one thing needful. They turned off their eyes from beholding vanity, and employed their leisure in searching the Scriptures and listening to the instructions of those who taught them the way of life. A few extracts from her letters and diary will, in some measure, show the state of her mind at that time.

"1806. Dear L.—I need your kind instructions now as much as ever. I should be willing to leave every thing

for God; willing to be called by any name which tongue can utter, and to undergo any sufferings, if it would but make me humble, and be for his glory. Do advise me what I shall do for his glory. I care not for myself. Though he lay ever so much upon me, I would be content. Oh, could I but recall this summer! But it is past, never to return. I have one constant companion, the BIBLE, from which I derive the greatest comfort. *This* I intend for the future shall guide me.

"——Did you ever read Doddridge's Sermons to Young People? They are very beautiful sermons. It appears strange to me, that I am not more interested in the cause of Christ, when he has done so much for us! But I *will* form a resolution that I will give myself up entirely to him. Pray for me, that my heart may be changed. I long for the happy hour when we shall be free from all sin, and enjoy God in heaven. But, if it would be for his glory, I should be willing to live my threescore years and ten. My heart bleeds for our companions, who are on the brink of destruction. In what manner shall I speak to them? But perhaps I am in the same way."

In another letter to the same friend, she says, "What did Paul and Silas say to the jailer? '*Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.*' Let us do the same. Let us improve the accepted time, and make our peace with God. This day, my L., I have formed a resolution, that I will devote the remainder of my life entirely to the service of God. Write to me. Tell me my numerous *outward* faults; though you know not the faults of my heart, yet tell me all you know, that I may improve. I shall receive it as a token of love."

"Sept. 1, 1806. A large number of my companions, of both sexes, with whom I have associated this summer, are in deep distress for their immortal souls. Many, who were

formerly gay and thoughtless, are now in tears, anxiously inquiring what they shall do to be saved. Oh, how rich is the mercy of Jesus! He dispenses his favors to whom he pleases, without regard to age or sex. Surely, it is a wonderful display of the sovereignty of God, to make me a subject of his kingdom, while many of my companions, far more amiable than I am, are left to grovel in the dust, or to mourn their wretched condition without one gleam of hope.

"Sept. 18. How great are the changes which take place in my mind in the course of one short day! I have felt deeply distressed for the depravity of my heart, and have been ready to despair of the mercy of God. But the light of divine truth has this evening irradiated my soul, and I have enjoyed such composure as I never knew before.

"Sept. 20. This has been a happy day to me. When conversing with a Christian friend upon the love of Jesus, I was lost in raptures. My soul rejoiced in the Lord, and joyed in the God of my salvation. A sermon preached by Mr. M. this evening, has increased my happiness. This is too much for me, a sinful worm of the dust, deserving only eternal punishment. Lord, it is enough.

"Oct. 6. The day on which Christ arose from the dead has again returned. How shall I spend it? Oh, how the recollection of misspent Sabbaths imbitters every present enjoyment! With pain do I remember the holy hours which were formerly sinned away. Frequently did I repair to novels to shorten the irksome hours as they passed. Why was I not cut off in the midst of *this* my wickedness?

"Oct. 10. Oh, how much have I enjoyed of God this day! Such views of his holy character, such a desire to glorify his holy name, I never before experienced. Oh, that this frame might continue through life!

'My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.'

"This is my birthday. Thirteen years of my short life have gone for ever.

"Dec. 31. This day has past away rapidly and happily. Oh, the real bliss that I have enjoyed! such love to God, such a desire to glorify him, I never possessed before. The hour of sweet release will shortly come; O, what joyful tidings!

"Jan. 5, 1807. I have had exalted thoughts of the character of God this day. I have ardently longed to depart and be with Jesus.

"May 2. Where is the cross, which Christians speak of so frequently? all that I do for Jesus is pleasant. Though perhaps I am ridiculed by the gay and thoughtless for my choice of religion, yet the inward comfort which I enjoy doubly compensates for all this. I do not wish for the approbation and love of the world, neither for its splendor nor its riches.

'For one blest hour at God's right hand,
I'll give them all away.'"

For nearly two years, she enjoyed the presence of her Saviour. The third year of her Christian course was unhappily marked with something of that apathy which, it is painful to confess, too often characterizes the Christian of maturer years. In the summer of 1809, she thus pours forth the sorrows of her bleeding heart, in view of her departure from God:

"August 27, 1809. The first ten years of my life were spent in vanity. I was entirely ignorant of the depravity

of my heart. The summer that I entered my eleventh year, I attended a dancing-school. My conscience would sometimes tell me, that my time was foolishly spent; and, though I had never heard it intimated that such amusements were criminal, yet I could not rest, until I had solemnly determined, that, when the school closed, I would immediately become religious. But these resolutions were not carried into effect. Although I attended every day to secret prayer, and read the Bible with greater attention than before, yet I soon became weary of these exercises, and, by degrees, omitted entirely the duties of the closet. When I entered my thirteenth year, I was sent by my parents to the academy, at Bradford. A revival of religion commenced in the neighborhood, which, in a short time, spread into the school. A large number of the young ladies were anxiously inquiring what they should do to inherit eternal life. I began to inquire what these things meant. My attention was solemnly called to the concerns of my immortal soul. I was a stranger to hope; and I feared the ridicule of my gay companions. My heart was opposed to the character of God; and I felt that, if I continued an enemy to his government, I must eternally perish. My convictions of sin were not so pungent and distressing as many have had, but they were of long continuance. It was more than three months before I was brought to cast my soul on the Saviour of sinners, and rely on him alone for salvation. The ecstasies which many new-born souls possess, were not mine. But if I was not lost in rapture, on reflecting upon what I had escaped, I was filled with a sweet peace, a heavenly calmness, which I can never describe. The honors, applauses, and titles of this vain world appeared like trifles 'light as air.' The character of Jesus appeared infinitely lovely, and I could say, with the Psalmist, 'Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none on the earth I desire

besides thee.' The awful gulf I had escaped filled me with astonishment. My gay associates were renounced, and the friends of Jesus became my *dear* friends. The destitute, broken state of the church at H. prevented me from openly professing my faith in Jesus; but it was a privilege which I longed to enjoy.

"But, alas, these seasons, so precious, did not long continue. Soon was I led to exclaim, 'O that I were as in months past!' My zeal for the cause of religion abated; while the vain world engrossed my affections, which had been consecrated to my Redeemer. My Bible, once so lovely, was entirely neglected. Novels and romances engaged my thoughts, and hour after hour was foolishly spent in the perusal of them. The company of Christians became, by degrees, irksome and unpleasant. I endeavored to shun them. The voice of conscience would frequently whisper, 'all is not right.' Many a sleepless night have I passed, after a day of vanity and sin. But such conflicts did not bring me home to the fold, from which, like a stray lamb, I had wandered far away. A religion which was intimately connected with the amusements of the world, and the friendship of those who are at enmity with God, would have suited well my depraved heart. But I knew the religion of the Gospel was vastly different. It exalts the Creator, while it humbles the creature in the dust.

"Such was my awful situation! I lived only to wound the cause of my ever-blessed Saviour. Weep, O my soul, when contemplating and recording these sins of my youth. Be astonished at the long-suffering of Jehovah! "How great a God is our God!' The death of a beloved parent and uncle had but little effect on my hard heart. Though these afflictions moved my passions, they did not lead me to the fountain of consolation. But God, who is rich in mercy, did not leave me here! He had prepared my heart to re-

ceive his grace, and he glorified the riches of his mercy by carrying on the work. I was providentially invited to visit a friend in Newburyport. I complied with the invitation. The evening previous to my return home, I heard the Rev. Mr. M'F. preach. It was the 28th of June, 1809. How did the truths which he delivered sink deep into my inmost soul! My past transgressions rose like great mountains before me. The most poignant anguish seized my mind; my carnal security fled; and I felt myself a guilty transgressor, naked before a holy God. Mr. B. returned with me the next day to H. Never, no, never, while memory retains her seat in my breast, shall I forget the affectionate manner in which he addressed me. His conversation had the desired effect. I then made the solemn resolution, as I trust, in the strength of Jesus, that I would make a sincere dedication of my all to my Creator, both for time and eternity. This resolution produced a calm serenity and composure, to which I had long been a stranger. How lovely the way of salvation then appeared! O how lovely was the character of the Saviour! The duty of professing publicly on which side I was, now was impressed on my mind. I came forward and offered myself to the church, was accepted, received into communion, and commemorated, for the first time, the dying love of the blessed Jesus, August 6, 1809. This was a precious season, long to be remembered. O the depths of sovereign grace! Eternity will be too short to celebrate the perfections of God."

The subsequent years of her short life evinced the sincerity of her repentance, and the constant indwelling of that Holy Spirit, whose office it is to illumine, guide, and sanctify; who promises to "be as the dew unto Israel;" that "he shall grow as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon." The limited pages of a Tract admit of only a selection from

what she wrote of her religious exercises, during the last year of her continuance in America.

"Aug. 28, 1809. I awoke last night, and spent a most delightful hour in contemplating divine truth. The words of David flowed sweetly through my mind: 'In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul.' Most willingly would I resign all earthly pleasures for *one* hour in communion with my God.

"Sept. 29. Examined myself strictly by this question: Am I indeed a real member of Christ's kingdom? If I am, why are my affections so languid, my heart so cold, my desires so few for the enlargement of Christ's kingdom? Why is my heart so prone to leave God? Why am I so interested in the concerns of time and sense; and why are the important concerns of my soul so little regarded? Decide, dearest Jesus, the doubtful case. If I never yet have tasted and seen that thou art gracious, O let me now, before it be for ever too late.

"Attended our conference this evening. I think I enjoyed what the world can neither give nor take away.

"Dec. 31. I have now come to the close of another year. How various have been the scenes through which I have been called to pass this year! But what have I done for God? what for the interests of religion? and what for my own soul? I have passed through *one* of the most solemn scenes of my life; I have taken the covenant of God upon me; I have solemnly joined myself to the church of the blessed Jesus.

"Oh that I might now, as in the presence of the great Jehovah, and his holy angels, with penitential sorrow confess my past ingratitude, and, in humble reliance on the strength of Jesus, resolve to devote the ensuing year, and the remaining part of my days, to his service.

"Feb. 10, 1810. What great reason have I for thankfulness to God, that I am still in the land of the living, and have another opportunity of recording with my pen his tender mercy and loving-kindness. I have been, for almost five weeks, unable to write; and, for a week, confined to my bed. But JESUS has undertaken to be my Physician; he has graciously restored me to health; and when greatly distressed with pain, he has afforded me the sweet consolations of his Spirit, and brought me willingly to resign my soul into his arms, and wait the event of his providence, whether life or death.

"Oh that this sickness might be for my eternal good! may it be made the means of weaning me from all terrestrial enjoyments, and of fixing my hope and my trust in the merits of Jesus. Then should I have cause to bless God for his chastening rod, and, through eternity, count all these afflictive dispensations as great mercies.

"Feb. 18. How easily can God disconcert the plans formed by short-sighted mortals! I had fondly flattered myself, that before this I should have met with the assembly of the saints, and sat under the droppings of the sanctuary; that I should have joined my Christian friends in their social conference, and heard the truths of the Gospel explained by our dear pastor. But Jehovah determined otherwise. He has again laid his chastening rod upon me, by afflicting me with sickness and pain. But 'I will bear the indignation of the Lord, because I have sinned against him.' I have a renewed opportunity of examining my submission to God; and do now, as in his presence, renewedly resolve to devote myself a living sacrifice to him. I think I can say, that afflictions are good for me. In times of the greatest distress, I have been brought to cry within myself, 'It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth to him good.' I think I am *willing* to bear whatever God sees fit to lay upon

me. Let my dear heavenly Father inflict the *keenest* anguish, I will submit; for he is infinitely excellent, and *can* do nothing wrong.

"Feb. 25. With the light of this holy morning, I desire to offer to the kind Shepherd of Israel, who never slumbers nor sleeps, a morning tribute of thanksgiving and praise. Oh that my whole soul might be drawn out in love to God; and may all my faculties unite with the inhabitants of the New Jerusalem in praising the immortal King for what he *has done* and still *is doing* for rebellious man. But I fall *infinitely* short of the honor due to his glorious name. When shall I arrive at the destined port of rest, and with the blood-washed millions praise the Lamb of God for redeeming love? Hasten, blessed Immanuel, that glorious period, when all thy exiled children shall arrive at their eternal home. Oh for a tongue to sound aloud the honors of the blessed Jesus!

"Oct. 10. This day I entered upon my eighteenth year. Seventeen years have rolled almost insensibly away. I still remain a pilgrim in this barren land. Merciful Jesus, on the commencement of this year, may thy supporting hand be underneath me; and if my life is prolonged, may it be more faithfully devoted to thee, and to thy blessed cause.

"Oct. 20. My friend, N. H.,* called upon us this morning. She informed me of her determination to quit her native land, to endure the sufferings of a Christian amongst heathen nations—to spend her days in India's sultry clime. How did this news affect my heart! Is she willing to do all this for God, and shall I refuse to lend my little aid, in a land where Divine Revelation has

* Mrs. Judson, wife of Rev. Dr. Judson, missionary in the Burman empire.

shed its clearest rays? I have *felt* more for the salvation of the heathen this day, than I recollect to have felt through my whole past life.

"How dreadful is their situation! What heart but would bleed at the idea of the sufferings they endure, to obtain the joys of Paradise! What can I do, that the light of the Gospel may shine upon them? They are perishing for lack of knowledge, while I enjoy the glorious privileges of a Christian land! Great God, direct me! Oh, make me in *some* way beneficial to their immortal souls.

"Oct. 23. Mr. M. introduced Mr. N——* to our family. He appears to be an engaged Christian. Expects to spend his life in preaching the Saviour to the benighted pagans.

"Oct. 31. Mr. N. called on us this morning. He gave me some account of the dealings of God with his soul. If such a man, who has devoted himself to the service of the Gospel, has determined to labor in the most difficult part of the vineyard, and is willing to renounce his earthly happiness for the interest of religion—if *he* doubts his possessing love to God, what shall *I* say of *myself?*

"Charlestown, April 17, 1811. How shall I record the events of this day! How can I tranquillize my disturbed mind enough to engage in the *once* delightful employment of writing? Returned from Boston in the evening, after spending three days very agreeably with my friends C. and N. M—— handed me a letter with an appearance which indicated that something unusual was contained in it. I broke the seal, and what were my emotions when I read

* Mr. Newell was one of the five young men who, at the General Association of Massachusetts, convened in Bradford, June 27, 1810, publicly consecrated their future years to the preaching of Christ among pagan nations. The others were Messrs. Hall, Judson, Mills, and Nott.

the name of ——. The contents were not such as I might answer at a *distant* period; they required an *immediate* answer. And now what shall I say? How shall I decide this *important*, this *interesting* question? Shall I consent to leave for ever the *parent* of my youth, and *friends* of my life; the dear scenes of my childhood, and my native country, and go to a land of *strangers*, 'not knowing the things that shall befall me there?' Oh for direction from Heaven! Oh for that 'wisdom' which 'is profitable to direct!' I will go to God, and, with an unprejudiced mind, seek his guidance. I will cast this heavy burden on him, humbly trusting that he will sustain me, and direct me in the path of duty.

"April 19. The *important decision* is not yet made. I am still wavering. I long to see and converse with my dear mother. So delicate is my situation, that I dare not unbosom my heart to a single person. What shall I do? Could tears direct me in the path of duty, surely I should be directed. My heart aches; I know not *what* to do! 'Guide me, O thou great Jehovah!'

"April 21. Have now retired to my chamber, once more to vent, in silence, my unavailing sighs, and, with an almost bursting heart, implore divine relief and direction."

She returned the ensuing week to her mother, and shortly after addressed the following letter to Mr. Newell:

"———Were I to consult the natural inclinations of my heart, my love of worldly ease and temporal enjoyment, my dread of ridicule from the world—I should decidedly answer in the negative. But these are not the only difficulties. If I reflect upon my youth, the little knowledge I have of the world, the want of natural abilities, a better education, and a stronger assurance of my interest

in the covenant of grace, I tremble at the idea. I wish to follow the guidance of Heaven. The subject is too solemn to be trifled with, and too important to be hastily decided.

"Wishing to converse personally with my dear mother, I have returned to H. It afforded me much consolation to find her calm and submissive. Gladly would I leave with her, the dear guardian of my youth, this point, and wait her kind decision. But no. Although she will not refuse her consent, nor oppose any determination I may come to, yet she will not advise. Who then shall guide and direct me? Should I apply for advice to other Christians, their opinions would vary like the wind. Should I wait for an answer to prayer, I might be guided by my own imagination, and instead of following the Saviour, might follow my selfish interests. Oh for the direction of Jehovah! I tremble lest I should dishonor God by an improper decision. Will Mr. N. remember Harriet at the mercy-seat? Will he implore for her the guidance of that covenant Redeemer whom she has professed to love? It will be a source of consolation to be assured of a remembrance in the prayers of Christians."

June 29. In a letter to a friend at Boston, she writes, "The all-important question is at length decided. Many were the conflicts within my breast. But at length, from a firm persuasion of duty, and a willingness to comply, after much examination and prayer, I answered in the affirmative."

November 21. She wrote to Mr. Newell as follows: "The contemplated mission occupies my sleeping and my waking thoughts. Oh, who would not sacrifice all that is dear in life, to carry the glad tidings of salvation to heathen lands! When, O when will the day dawn, and the day-star arise on distant India? When will private Christians

be more importunate in prayer for the universal spread of the Gospel? Oh, when will the heralds of the cross rejoice to be counted worthy to suffer for Jesus, and obey his last command, 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature?'"

On the 6th of February, 1812, the first American Foreign Missionaries, Messrs. Newell, Hall, Nott, Judson, and Rice, were ordained at Salem, Mass. February 18, Mr. and Mrs. N., with their missionary associates, Mr. and Mrs. Judson, embarked for the eastern world. While detained in the harbor, Mrs. N. addressed the following letter to her mother:

"Here am I, my dear mother, on board the brig Caravan, in a neat little cabin, with brother and sister J., Mr. P., and Capt. I., (who will spend the night with us,) and another *dear friend,* whose beloved society enlivens my spirits, and renders my situation pleasant. I have at length taken leave of the land of my forefathers, and entered the vessel, which will be the place of my residence till I reach the desired haven. Think not, my dear mother, that we are now sitting in silent sorrow, strangers to peace. O no; though the idea that I have left you, to see you no more, is painful indeed, yet I think I can say, that I have found the grace of my Redeemer sufficient for me; his strength has been made perfect in my weakness. We have been engaged in singing this evening, and can you believe me, when I tell you, that I never engaged in this delightful part of worship with greater pleasure? I feel a sweet satisfaction in reflecting upon the undertaking in which I have engaged. It is not to acquire the riches and honors of this fading world; but to assist one of Christ's dear

ministers in carrying the glad tidings of salvation to the perishing heathen of Asia.

"I never shall repay you, my dear mother, for all the kindness and love you have shown me thus far in life. Accept my sincere thanks for every favor, and Oh forgive me for so often causing you pain and anxiety. May the Almighty reward you a hundred fold for your kindness to me. And now, my dear mother, what more shall I say, but ask you to pray for me, and engage other Christians to do the same.

'There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims--.'

Parting sounds will not be heard in heaven. May we meet there, after lives filled with usefulness and duty."

At the expiration of the year, Mrs. A. was again refreshed with a most interesting communication from her beloved child, narrating the diversity of scenes through which, in this new era of life, she had been led, exulting in the condescension of that Infinite Love, which had landed her safe on pagan shores, and seemed pointing to pagan hearts as her future field of labor. The limits of a Tract admit of no extracts from this diary, except that part which states a few facts important to the continuation of Mrs. N.'s history.

"June 12. Rejoice with us, my dear mother, in the goodness of our covenant God. After seeing nothing but sky and water for *one hundred and fourteen days*, we this morning heard the joyful exclamation of 'Land, land!'

"June 16. Arrived at Calcutta.

"June 20. Serampore. Came here last evening by water. The dear Baptist missionaries received us with the same cordiality as they would if we had been own brothers

and sisters. This is the most delightful place I ever saw. Here the missionaries enjoy the comforts of life, and are actively engaged in the Redeemer's service.

"July 16. We are ordered by government to leave the British territories, and return to America immediately. Capt. H. will be ready to sail in three weeks. He has requested a clearance, but it has been absolutely refused him, unless we engage to leave India with him. Thus is our way hedged up; thus are all our prospects blasted. We cannot feel that we are called in Providence to go to Burmah. Every account we have from that savage, barbarous nation, confirms us in our opinion that the way is not prepared for the spread of the Gospel there. The viceroy would not hesitate to take away our lives for the smallest offence. The situation of a female is peculiarly hazardous. But where else can we go? Must we leave these heathen shores? Must we be the instruments of discouraging all the attempts of American Christians to give these nations the word of life? My spirit faints within me.

"July 29. Early this morning brother J. called at our room, unexpectedly, from Calcutta. Captain C. has agreed to carry two of us in his vessel to the Isle of France. I will go, leaning on the Lord, and depending on him for direction, support, and happiness. We shall leave the dear mission family at Serampore when another rising sun dispels the darkness of the night.

"Aug. 4. Though sick enough to keep my bed, I have this day come to the ship, which will probably be my home for some time to come.

"Aug. 19. Our situation on board the Gillespie has become more pleasant. We resolved to be very strict in our hours of devotion, social and private; to avoid all trivial conversation, and not to countenance profaneness by a look of complacency; and to improve every opportunity

of introducing religious conversation at table. This kind of life, though at first it excited ridicule, has nevertheless procured us respect. When we are present, swearing and indecent talk are laid aside, and we have not so much reason, as formerly, to say, with a saint of old, "Woe is me, that I sojourn in Mesech, that I dwell in the tents of Kedar."

"Aug. 20. Oh how do I long for the society of dear Christians! Oh, my dear mother, prize your devout acquaintance; value the society of the dear children of God.

"Aug. 23. Another sacred day has come. My heart welcomes its approach. But I shall not be joyful with the dear saints in God's house of prayer. Well—let me consecrate, in my retirement, these sacred hours to him, and the glad morning will shortly dawn, when I shall engage in the sweet work of praise, with all the blood-washed throng, in my heavenly Father's kingdom."

In consequence of a leak in the ship they put into Coringa. The following is an extract from a letter to Mrs. Judson, then at Calcutta, dated Coringa, Sept. 14, 1812.

"Since I left you, my mind has been variously exercised. I have had many distressing conflicts and doubts. But at some blessed seasons, I think I have enjoyed the light of Immanuel's countenance, and have known joys too great to be expressed. I have never, since I began the Christian life, found so much satisfaction in attending on the duties of religion as lately. The return of those seasons consecrated to the worship of Jesus in private, has been attended with delight to my soul. Shall we not see some or all of you at the Isle of France? O that Providence may so order events, that we may be united in laboring among the heathen. I hope you are enjoying much of God. This alone will prepare you for future trials. Hope to see you soon. Farewell."

The following letter from Mr. Newell was received by Mrs. Atwood, Aug. 1813, dated Port Louis, Isle of France, December 10, 1812.

——"When I sit down to address you, my dear mother, from this distant land, to me a land of strangers and a place of exile, a thousand tender thoughts arise in my mind, and naturally suggest such inquiries as these. How is it now with that dear woman to whom I am indebted for my greatest earthly blessing—the mother of my dear Harriet? And mine too—for I must claim the privilege of considering you as my own dear mother. Does the candle of the Lord still shine on her tabernacle, and is the voice of joy and praise yet heard in her dwelling? Or, what is not improbable in this world of disappointment, has some new affliction, the death perhaps of a dear child, or some other beloved friend, caused her heart again to bleed, and her tears to flow? Ah! my mother, though we may live many years, and see good in them all, yet let us remember the days of darkness, for they too will be many. It is decreed by Infinite Wisdom, that through much tribulation we must enter into the kingdom of heaven. You, my dear mother, have had your share of adversity—and I too have had mine. But we will not complain. Sanctified afflictions are the choicest favors of heaven. They cure us of our vain and foolish expectations from the world, and teach our thoughts and affections to ascend and fix on joys that never die. I never longed so much to see you, as I have these several days past. What would I now give to sit one hour by that dear fireside, where I have tasted the most unalloyed pleasure that earth affords, and recount to you, and the dear children, the perils, the toils, and the sufferings, through which I have passed since I left my native land. In this happy circle I should for a moment forget ——— ——— ———.

"Yes, my dear friends, I would tell you how God has disappointed our favorite schemes, and blasted our hopes of preaching Christ in India, and has sent us all away from that extensive field of usefulness, with an intimation that he has nothing for us to do there. I would tell you how he has visited us *all with sickness*, and how he has afflicted me, in particular, by taking away the dear little babe which he gave us, the child of our prayers, of our hopes, of our tears. I would tell you—but O, shall I tell it, or forbear ?——

"Have courage, my mother, God will support you under this trial; though it may for a time cause your very heart to bleed. Come, then, let us mingle our griefs and weep together, for she was dear to us both; and she too is gone. Yes; Harriet, your lovely daughter, is gone, and you will see her face no more! My own dear Harriet, the wife of my youth, and the desire of my eyes, has bid me a last farewell, and left me to mourn and weep. Yes, she is gone. I wiped the cold sweat of death from her pale, emaciated face, while we travelled together, down to the entrance of the dark valley. There she took her upward flight, and ascended to the mansions of the blessed.

"But I must hasten to give you a more particular account of the repeated afflictions with which God has visited me.

"Harriet enjoyed good health from the time we left you, until we embarked on our voyage from Calcutta to the Isle of France. The fatigue of riding in a palanquin, in that unhealthy place, threw her into a fever, which commenced the day after we were on board. She was confined about a week to her couch, but afterwards recovered, and enjoyed pretty good health. We left Calcutta on the 4th of August; but, on account of contrary winds and bad weather, we were driven about in the Bay of Bengal, with-

out making much progress during the whole of that month. On or about the 27th, it was discovered that the vessel had sprung a leak; and on the 30th the leak had increased to such an alarming degree, as to render our situation extremely perilous. A consultation of the officers was called, and it was determined to put about immediately, and make the nearest port, which was Coringa, a small town on the Coromandel coast, about sixty miles south of Vizigapatam. We got safe into port on Saturday, September 5th."

[On the 19th of September they reëmbarked, and Mrs. N. enjoyed comfortable health, till nearly three weeks after leaving Coringa, and about three weeks before reaching the Isle of France, when she became the joyful mother of a daughter. Four days after, in consequence of a severe storm of wind and rain, the child took cold, and died on the evening of the next day.]

"About a week after Mrs. N.'s confinement," says Mr. N., "I first perceived the symptoms of that disorder, which terminated in her death. She immediately recognized the disease of which her father, and several other of her family connections died, and was confident she should never recover. I endeavored to raise her hopes, and encouraged her to expect much from a change of situation. But she wished me to dismiss all expectations of her recovery, and to prepare my mind, and help her to prepare her own, for the solemn event. She told me she had some doubts respecting her state. Yet she was by no means alarmed at the idea of death, but was calm, patient, and resigned. During the last week of our passage she read through the book of Job, and, as she afterwards told me, 'found sweet relief from every fear in submitting to a sovereign God;' and could not refrain from tears of joy, that God should give her so comfortable views of death and eternity. Her health continued uniformly in a declining state, and the symptoms

of a settled consumption grew every day more and more apparent."

[Though Mr. N. feared the worst, he did not consider her case as fatal, till the last fortnight of her life, which commenced about ten days after their arrival at the Isle of France. Mr. N., immediately on their arrival, called in the aid of Dr. B. the chief surgeon of the British army in that Island, and of Dr. W., a Danish physician, a friend with whom they had become acquainted at Serampore. There was but little alteration in Mrs. N.'s health—excepting that she gradually lost strength—till about a fortnight before her death, when she declined more rapidly, and all hope of her recovery was extinguished. About 4 o'clock P. M., on Monday, Nov. 30, 1812, her eyesight failed her; soon after which, she calmly, and with apparent ease, expired—seven weeks and four days after her confinement. These events, with all the attending circumstances, are related by Mr. N. with great tenderness and particularity. He then proceeds as follows:]

"There, my dear mother, I have finished the story of Harriet's sufferings. Let us turn from the tale of woe to a brighter scene; one that will gladden your heart, as I am sure it does mine. During this long series of sufferings, she meekly yielded to the will of her heavenly Father, without one murmuring word. 'My wicked heart,' she writes, 'is *inclined* to think it hard, that I should suffer such fatigue and hardship. I sinfully envy those whose lot it is to live in tranquillity on land. Happy people! Ye know not the toils and trials of voyages across the rough and stormy deep. O, for a little Indian hut on land. But hush, my warring passions; it is for Jesus, who sacrificed the joys of his Father's kingdom, and expired on a cross to redeem a fallen world, that thus I wander from place to place, and feel nowhere at home. How reviving the

thought! How great the consolation it yields to my sinking heart! I will cherish it, and yet be happy.'

"In the first part of the sickness which succeeded the birth of our babe, she had some doubts which occasionally interrupted her spiritual comfort; but they were soon removed, and her mind was filled with that peace of God which passeth all understanding.

"I finally became convinced that she was far gone in a consumption, and told her I feared she would find a grave in the Isle of France. She seemed to be relieved of a heavy burden, when I gave her this intelligence. From this time we conversed constantly, and with the greatest freedom and plainness, respecting her death, which we now considered as certain, and near at hand. When she perceived me sorrowful, she would, with a smiling countenance and cheerful voice, endeavor to animate me with the prospect of a speedy reunion in a world where we should part no more.

"When I asked her, a few days before she died, if she had any remaining doubts respecting her spiritual state, she answered with emphasis *that she had none.* During the whole of her sickness, she talked in the most familiar manner, and with great delight, of death, and the glory that was to follow. When Dr. B. one day told her those were gloomy thoughts, she had better get rid of them, she replied, that, on the contrary, they were to her cheering and joyful, beyond what she could express. When I attempted to persuade her that she would recover—which I fondly hoped—it seemed to strike her like a disappointment. She would say, 'You ought rather to pray that I may depart, that I may be perfectly free from sin, and be where God is.'

"Her mind was from day to day filled with the most comforting and delightful views of the character of God

and Christ. She often requested me to talk to her on these interesting subjects. She told me that her thoughts were so much confused, and her mind so much weakened, by the distress of body she had suffered, that she found it difficult steadily to pursue a train of thought on divine things, but that she continually looked to God, and passively rested on him. She often spoke of meeting her friends in heaven. 'Perhaps,' said she, 'my dear mother has gone before me to heaven, and as soon as I leave this body, I shall find myself with her.' At another time she said, 'We often talk of meeting our friends in heaven; but what would heaven be with all our friends, if God were not there?'

"She longed exceedingly for the brethren to arrive from India, that we might form ourselves into a church, and celebrate the dying love of Jesus once more before she died. Her desires to enjoy the benefit of this ordinance were so strong, and our situation so peculiar, that I thought a deviation from the usage of our churches in this instance would be justifiable, and accordingly, on the last Sabbath in November, the day before she died, I gave her the symbols of the body and blood of our Lord; and I trust it was a comfortable season to us both.

"A few days before she died, after one of those distressing turns of coughing and raising phlegm, which so rapidly wasted her strength, she called me to come and sit on her bed beside her, and receive her dying message to her friends. She observed, that her strength was quite exhausted, and she could say only a few words; but feared she should not have another opportunity. 'Tell my dear mother,' said she, 'how much Harriet loved her. Tell her to look to God, and keep near to him, and He will support and comfort her in all her trials. I shall meet her in heaven, for surely she is one of the dear children of God.' She

then turned to her brothers and sisters: 'Tell them,' said she, 'from the lips of their dying sister, that there is nothing but religion worth living for. O exhort them to attend immediately to the care of their precious, immortal souls. Tell them not to delay repentance. The eldest of them will be anxious to know how I now feel with respect to missions. Tell them, and also my dear mother, that I have never regretted leaving my native land for the cause of Christ. Let my dear brothers and sisters know I love them to the last. I hope to meet them in heaven; but O, if I should not'— here tears burst from her eyes, and her sobs of grief at the thought of an eternal separation, expressed feelings that were too big for utterance. After she had recovered a little from the shock which these strong emotions had given to her whole frame, she attempted to speak of several other friends; but was obliged to sum up all she had to say in 'Love and an affectionate farewell to them all.' Within a day or two of her death, such conversations as the following passed between us:

"Should you not be willing to recover, and live a while longer here?

"'On some accounts it would be desirable. I wish to do something for God before I die. But the experience I have had of the deceitfulness of my heart leads me to expect, that if I should recover, my future life would be much the same as my past has been, and I long to be perfectly free from sin. God has called me away before we have entered upon the work of the mission, but the case of David affords me comfort. I have had it in my heart to do what I can for the heathen, and I hope God will accept me.'

"But what shall I do, when you are gone? How can I bear the separation?

"'Jesus will be your best friend, and our separation

will be short. We shall soon, very soon, meet in a better world; if I thought we should not, it would be painful indeed to part with you.'

"How does your past life appear to you now?

"'Bad enough; but that only makes the grace of Christ appear the more glorious.

'Jesus, thy blood and righteousness,
My beauty are, my heavenly dress;
Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.'

"As I stood by her bedside, about nine in the evening previous to her decease, perceiving that she was failing very fast, I told her I wished to take my leave of her, before her speech and recollection left her. She raised her eyes to look at me once more, gave me her hand, already chilled with death, and with a feeble voice, said, 'Farewell—we shall soon meet again—Jesus will be your friend.'

"When I told her that she could not live through the next day, she replied, 'O joyful news; I long to depart.' Some time after, I said to her, 'How does death appear to you now?' She replied, 'Glorious; truly welcome.' During Sabbath night she seemed to be a little wandering; but the next morning she had her recollection perfectly. As I stood by her, I asked if she knew me. At first she made no answer. I said to her again, 'My dear Harriet, do you know who I am?' 'My dear Mr. Newell, my husband,' was her reply; but in broken accents, and a voice faltering in death.

"The last words which I remember, and which I think were the last she uttered, relative to her departure, were these: 'The pains, the groans, the dying strife'—'How long, O Lord, how long?'

"But I must stop; for I have already exceeded the

bounds of a letter, though I have come far short of doing justice to the dying deportment of this dear friend. O may my last end be like hers. I would now proceed to discharge the duty, which Harriet's dying request imposed on me, of administering consolation to you, and of beseeching the dear children to make a right improvement of this afflicting dispensation; but I hope the God of all consolation will himself wipe away your tears, and fill your heart with comfort, and that Harriet's dying entreaties, and tears, and sighs, may be carried by the Spirit of truth to the hearts of the children, and of her other young friends, and may fasten conviction on their minds, and engage them to follow her so far as she followed Christ. With these hopes, I must bid them all an affectionate farewell.

"S. NEWELL."

Mr. N. enclosed a fragment—from which the following sentences are taken—in Mrs. N.'s own hand. It is the commencement of a letter which she began to write to her mother, but which she was never able to resume.

"PORT LOUIS, ISLE OF FRANCE, Nov. 3, 1812.

"MY EVER DEAR MOTHER—Since I wrote you last, I have been called by God to rejoice and weep; for afflictions and mercies have both alternately fallen to my lot. I address you now from a bed of great weakness—perhaps for the last time. Yes, my dear mamma, I feel this mud-walled cottage shake, and expect ere long to become an inhabitant of the world of spirits. Eternity I feel is just at hand. But let me give you some account of God's dealings with me, which I shall do at intervals, as strength will admit."

The following extract completes the affecting history of Mrs. Newell.

"Her remains were conveyed, on the 1st of December, to the burying-ground in Port Louis, followed only by myself and another gentleman, and interred in a retired spot beneath the shade of an evergreen.

Till Christ shall come to rouse the slumbering dead,
Farewell, pale, lifeless clay, a long farewell!
Sweet be thy sleep beneath *that green tree's shade*,
Where I have laid thee in thy lowly cell.
Adieu, dear Harriet; thou shalt sigh no more;
Thy conflict's ended, and thy toils are past;
Thy weary pilgrimage on earth is o'er,
And thou hast reached thy wished for home at last.
Loosed from thy prison earth, I saw thee rise
To realms of light beyond these lower skies;
There I behold thee in thy blest abode,
Mid kindred spirits, near thy Father God.
'But me not destined yet thy bliss to share,
My prime of life in wand'ring spent, and care,
My duty calls to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.'
'Yet when this varying scene of life is o'er,
O may I meet thee on that blissful shore,
Where friends shall never part, farewells be heard no more.'"

The homeless, sorrowing, lone writer of the above, soon after the interment of his beloved Harriet, left the Isle of France for Ceylon. After a residence of ten months in this island, he departed to join his American brethren in Bombay, and united with them in laboring for the salvation of the surrounding heathen. Here, after seven short years, his compassionate Saviour drew near, and called him to his rest in heaven, where we trust he enjoys a happy reunion with her, whose Christian walk and godlike converse, while on earth, did much to ripen him for heavenly bliss.

"Short toils, short woes, loved friends, were thine;
Now, joys eternal and divine."

Inscription by Rev. Dr. Worcester, late Secretary of the American Board for Foreign Missions, on the monument erected over the grave of Mrs. Newell, in the Isle of France.

Sacred to the Memory

OF

MRS. HARRIET ATWOOD,

WIFE OF

REV. SAMUEL NEWELL,

MISSIONARY AT BOMBAY.

BORN,

HAVERHILL, MASS., U. S. A., OCTOBER 10, 1793;

DIED,

AFTER A DISTRESSING VOYAGE FROM INDIA TO THIS PLACE, NOVEMBER 30, 1812.

EARLY DEVOTED TO CHRIST, HER HEART BURNED FOR THE HEATHEN—FOR THEM SHE LEFT HER KINDRED AND HER NATIVE LAND, AND WELCOMED DANGER AND SUFFERINGS.

OF EXCELLENT UNDERSTANDING, RICH IN ACCOMPLISHMENTS AND VIRTUES, SHE WAS THE DELIGHT OF HER FRIENDS, A CROWN TO HER HUSBAND, AND AN ORNAMENT TO THE MISSIONARY CAUSE.

HER SHORT LIFE WAS BRIGHT, HER DEATH FULL OF GLORY.

HER NAME LIVES,

AND IN ALL CHRISTIAN LANDS IS PLEADING WITH IRRESISTIBLE ELOQUENCE

FOR THE HEATHEN.

THIS HUMBLE MONUMENT TO HER MEMORY

IS ERECTED BY THE

AMERICAN BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS

FOR FOREIGN MISSIONS.

"Tracts of the American Tract Soc". Vol V